

..Our Boys and Girls..

Edited by Aunt Busy.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

These are some of the things that a boy can do: He can shout so loud the air turns blue; He can make all the sounds of the beast and bird And a thousand more they never heard.

He can crow or cackle, chirp or cluck; He can make the rooster, hen or duck; He can make the dog or lamb or cow, And the cat herself can't beat his "me-ow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped or plain; He can thunder like a railroad train; Stop at the station, a breath and then Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all of his powers in such command He can turn right into a full brass band; With all of the instruments ever played, And march away as a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill If he's wide awake and is keeping still; But earth would be God bless their souls— A dull old place if there were no boys.

—Nixon Waterman.

AUNT BUSY HAS HER SAY.

Dear Nieces and Nephews:

Aunt Busy's old, gray head is at last free from the anxiety about the club name. The one selected is "Aunt Busy's Sunbeams," the prize being won by a nephew away up in northern Montana.

One dear little girl, Mary Kelly of Albany, N. Y., suggested "The Sunbeams," nearly winning the prize, but the other name was preferred.

Aunt Busy never could select the name because she loves all the young people very dearly, so her very good friend, the editor of the Salt Lake Herald, was the judge. Aunt Busy will tell you something that you must not tell. The editor felt the responsibility of the selection to be so important that he had one other editor and two very clever reporters to assist.

Robert O'Connor of Columbia Falls, Mont., is the prize winner. Aunt Busy congratulates him heartily and will send the dollar bill this week. Aunt Busy hopes that all the children will be pleased with the name.

This week she prints the report of the "Sunshine" work already being done by the Sunbeams, and hopes to have such good reports every week. She remains, dear nieces and nephews, your loving old

AUNT BUSY.

AUNT BUSY'S SUNBEAMS.

The St. Lawrence branch, consisting of five nieces, report sending twelve cents to the Thanksgiving dinner given by the Salvation Army.

Ten little Denver girls are each dressing a doll to be given to ten poor children for Christmas.

The Buds and Blossoms' branch, consisting of six little girls, are framing pictures to be presented to old ladies at the poor house for Christmas.

Four dear girls are planning to each send a story book costing 25 cents to the Kearns St. Ann's orphanage.

A family consisting of three girls and two boys each send a penny a week to the St. Anthony guild established here in Salt Lake.

LETTERS AND ANSWERS.

Ogden, Utah, Nov. 17.

Dear Aunt Busy—Most all the Ogden boys are writing you, so I thought I would write, too. A pretty name for your club would be "The Club that makes all God's children one and equal." I hope the Ogden boys will get the prize. It is a beautiful idea to get up a club to help the poor little children who have no one to care for them.

I am an altar boy and about the largest boy in the school. I am working hard for the gold medal in Christian doctrine at the end of the year. You know Father Cushman has promised the medal, and that is the reason I am working so hard. Love from all the boys. WALTER BAUGHMAN.

A glad welcome from Aunt Busy, Walter. The Ogden boys are very dear to her. Best wishes for winning the medal!

Carr, Colo., Nov. 25.

Dear Aunt Busy—I will write you a letter, as I saw my last in the paper. We milk twenty-five cows now. We are done putting up our hay. We went picking coal yesterday. All we children went except Paul, Martha, Mary and Dionysius, and Agnes and Leo and papa and myself went. I help milk morning and night. I was 9 years old Oct. 11, and Nora made me birthday cakes. We still drive the same horse, Bert. We have got the pictures of Washington, Lincoln and Longfellow framed and are hanging in our schoolroom. There are eleven seats in our school, but one left. There are twelve seats in our school. We have got a flag for the school and flagpole. We are practicing on a dialogue for Thanksgiving, and my name in the dialogue is Mrs. Will Judson. I think your nieces of Colorado neglect you. As it is time for me to feed the chickens, I will close. From your loving niece, ANASTASIA MANTEY.

Aunt Busy is always happy to hear from her dear little friends at Carr. She sends her dear love to all the little folks.

Salt Lake City, Nov. 16.

Dear Aunt Busy—I thought to write you a letter. This is my second letter to you. I've thought out a name for the club. I think St. Marie would be a nice name. This is all I can think of, so good-bye. From your loving niece, GLADYS HEGNEY.

Aunt Busy is very sure that her little niece, Gladys, is a very dear child. She thinks she must be a very holy little person, who does not know how to even laugh, she is so serious. Is Aunt Busy right?

Ogden, Utah, Nov. 18.

Dear Aunt Busy—I think St. Agnes would be a nice name for your club. I am in the fourth grade. I like to go to school very much. We take the Intermountain Catholic and I like to read Aunt Busy's corner. Love from all the girls. Your loving niece, CASSIE McLAUGHLIN.

Aunt Busy greets you warmly, little Ogden niece. Thank you for your kind words for Aunt Busy's department.

HEART BEAUTY.

"It is a pity that Margaret is so—well, is so horrid homely." "Margaret homely! You would never say that if you knew her better."

Mrs. Carter looked up in surprise. "Certainly no one would call those irregular features anything but ugly. Poor girl, she must feel it when she is with her sisters, for their beauty is such a contrast."

"You never think of her features when you are about her. She is so ready to do a favor, and is so kind and gentle in her ways. She has always a kind word for everybody."

I heard a slight rustle behind me, and glanced around just in time to see Margaret disappear down the steps; she must have been reading in her favorite nook among the honeysuckles at the end of the piazza. That night she came into my room as usual for a little chat before retiring, but she was unusually quiet as she sat on the stool at my feet and gazed at the fire in the grate, for the night was cool.

"I don't know what you will think of me," she

said at last, and there was a tremor in her voice. "but I could not help overhearing what you said about me this afternoon, and I want to thank you for it. You see, I am so horrid homely," as Mrs. Carter said, and I have always felt it, especially when people will compare me with Edith and Laura, and speak of their beauty. Don't think that I am curious. I am proud of them that they are so pretty, but I cannot help being sensitive about my ugliness. I used to get angry and fret because my hair wouldn't curl, and because my mouth was so large and my nose, such an ugly shape; until I guess I was getting as ugly inside as I was out," she smiled sadly. "One day an old woman came to the house selling leeches, and when she went out of the gate she fell. I ran down and helped her up and straightened the things in her basket for her. She laid her hand on my shoulder and said:

"God bless you, young lady, you've not got the beauty that's skin deep. No, you've not got skin beauty; you've got the heart beauty; that's inside. You've got a kind word for an old woman. God bless you, child!"

"Well, that 'heart beauty' was a new idea to me, and I thought over it a great deal; and I made up my mind that I would try to have that, if I could not have the 'skin beauty,' and if I was kind to everybody they wouldn't think of my ugly face. What you said this afternoon—well, it made me feel that I was gaining a little at least. It was the first time I ever heard any one say that I was anything but horrid ugly." She laughed, but there were tears in the gray eyes that looked into mine.

"Heart beauty, I shall try to have it if I can," she said half aloud, then gazed fixedly again into the fire.—New York Observer.

DEVOTION TO THE DEAD.

Ever since the light of the Gospel was brought to the Irish they have been remarkable for devotion to the suffering souls. It is as if the missionary spirit, which is so thoroughly developed in the race, impels men and women who are not able to go on the home or foreign missions, to become, as it were, missionaries to the dead. They need never leave their homes or their daily labor. Yet every day they can, by prayers, alms and masses follow in another direction the footsteps of the Irish missionaries, ancient and modern. Can there be a more beautiful deed than that of soothing and relieving pain, especially pain far transcending the bitterest anguish in the world? Yet the very poorest may do this, by an occasional indulgence, aspiration or prayer, by the recital of the Rosary, by patient endurance of trials and afflictions which like winged messengers can penetrate into Purgatory, bringing relief to these dearly loved children of God. What mission can be easier, and at the same time so compassionate? Father! Father! tell us that devotion to the dead, "does not rest in words and feelings, nor does it merely lead to action. It is action itself. It speaks and a deed is done; it loves and a pain is lessened; it sacrifices and a soul is delivered. Nothing can be more solid. The royal devotion of the Church is the works of mercy, and see how they are all satisfied in this devotion for the dead. It feeds the hungry souls with Jesus, the Bread of Angels. It clothes the naked with the robe of glory. It visits the sick with mighty powers to heal, and at least it consoles them by the visit. It frees the captives from a bondage worse than death. It takes in strangers, and heaven is the hospice into which it receives them. It buries the dead in the bosom of Jesus in everlasting rest.—The Western Watchman.

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH.

O the mystery of death! I sit beside thee, dear, And wonder where thou art— If far, or yet, so near.

I who have loved thee so, With love no words can tell, Why should I say thou wert— Not art, my own love still?

Erstwhile thy hand clasped mine, Thy lips gave full response; Now hands and lips are dumb, Where is their answering touch?

Gone! Where? No mortal knows. Gone, past love's great recall, I hold this dear, still hand And tears upon it fall.

Gone! Where? We may not know— Thou, silent one, couldst tell, But oh, what depths of grief This heart of mine doth fill.

This silent, cold repose, The still and silent face, Oh, God! my aching heart Chokes out for help and grace.

My soul makes saddest moan And cries, "One word from thee!" No look, no sign, no word, They're gone. My soul is dead in me.

To hold thee close once more, To hear thy voice, so dear, I long in vain, 'tis over— Thou'rt gone—thou art not here.

Dear face, so calm, so still; Dear eyes, with lids closed down, Dear hands, that have no will, Dear heart, what is thy crown?

If death is life, why weep? Thou art my only love, still; Thou art with God—tis well, We'll meet again; 'tis not farewell.

—Nellie Merrell Wetherbee, in Oakland Herald.

DOWN TO SLEEP.

November woods are bare and still, November days are clear and bright, Each noon burns up the morning's chill, The morning's snow is gone by night.

Each day my steps grow slow, grow light, As through the woods I reverent creep, Watching all things "lie down to sleep."

I never knew before what bed, Fragrant to smell and soft to touch, The forest sits and shapes and spreads, I never knew before how much

Of human sound there is in such Low tones as though the forest weep, When all wild things "lie down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlets Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight, Sometimes the viewless mother bids, Her ferns kneel down full in my sight; I hear their chorus of "good night," And half I smile and half I weep, Listening while they "lie down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still, November days are bright and good; Life's noon burns up life's morning chill, Life's night rests full that long have stood; Some warm, soft bed in field or wood The mother will not fail to keep, Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

—HELEN HUNT.

THE SHUT DOOR.

Lord, I have shut my door— Shut out life's busy cares and fretting noise; Here in this silence I intrude no more; Speak thou to me with music sweet and calm— A holy psalm.

And I have shut my door— On earthly passion all its yearning love, Its tender friendship, all the priceless store Of human ties. Above All these my heart aspires. O Heart Divine, Stoop thou to mine!

Lord, I have shut my door! Come thou and visit me. I am alone! Come, as when doors were shut thou cam'st of yore And visited thine own.

My Lord, I kneel with reverent love and fear, For thou art here!

—M. E. Atkinson.

Hatred of one's faults is a step toward amendment, but not amendment itself.

Arty, King of the Newsboys.

Arty, the king of the newsboys, is, to all appearances, about 16 years old. He is a very boyish boy, small, alert, wiry, intelligent and good looking. He has the brightest red cheeks and the brightest brown eyes of any boy that ever, daily or nightly, serenaded Lotta's fountain to the well known falsetto of "Pipers! pipers!"—all about the prize fight—suicide—murder—prize fight—train-wrecker—prize fight—election—prize fight—mister! Yes, sure, all about the prize fight. Extra edition! Tips on the prize fight," etc. And he is justly entitled to the honor of the title. Arty is at the head of his profession, and aspires to greater things. And from the manner in which he handles his little army it is pretty certain that he will come near getting almost anything that he goes after. He has the energy and the brains that match it.

Arty, at my earnest request, was telling me something of his professional and home life, when a wagonload of papers—first edition—drove up to the curb.

"Sense me, lidy, for just a few minutes, while I serve de boys," said he. Then I watched his fingers fly along the edges of great bundles of papers as he handed them out to scores of nervousurchins who circled around him. Still, quick as a flash down went the number of papers against the name of each boy, on a little tablet which he held in the palm of his hand, with his little finger pressed against it, while his thumb did the lightning calculations on the big bundles in the wagon. In an incredibly short time forty or fifty little chaps were scattering in all directions, making a blurring sound through the atmosphere with the "Extra"—all about the prize fight—prize fight—mister! And Arty was back on the curb with the same characteristic yell on his lips, where "prize fight" and "mister" seemed to be the only English words spoken. This scene was repeated again and again, but having heard considerable of the King of the Newsboys, I concluded to wait around and see how he ruled in his peculiar domain; and it was so interesting that it was 6:30 before I knew it. The last edition was out, and the king graciously gave me an audience.

Then the king told me something of his life, which goes to show why his authority is undisputed by his strange, heterogeneous followers, who are composed of the children of every civilized nation, and some that do not look very civilized. In answer to my query, he said:

"Yes, yer right; a newsboy has some ambition besides blowing in his money on de races and nickel-in-de-doll machines. We earn our money, nickel at a time, and we don't feel like throwing it away in 10-plunk pieces. At least, any boy that isn't a chump doesn't. Yes, we do make good wages if we hustle, but some kids quit as soon as dey earn six bits; and dey think dey're rich. You can't do nothing with them."

"How big were you when you commenced selling papers?" I asked.

"Well, I was just five years old, so you see I was pretty little. No, I didn't have to; my folks were living, but I've always wanted to go into business for myself, and make my own money. In that case, a boy can't start in too soon."

"But how did you manage about school?" I asked, seeing that, with the exception of a few words that boys who are about town pick up, he spoke quite well and fluently.

"Oh, there was no trouble about that," he replied. "I never missed a day from school, and I graduated from grammar school when I was 16. See my accounts on that pad," he continued, as he displayed a neat row of figures, showing the number of papers each boy took. "Why, I can keep a set of books with any one in town, and what more does any boy want?" he inquired.

For the life of me I couldn't tell in a second just what more a boy really did want.

After awhile, however, it came to me that as the king grew he would wish to earn dollars instead of nickels, and as he ruled over and out-generated all the other boys in his line, I suggested that he might take a hand in dictating politics.

"Nixy!" said his majesty from his throne on the curb. "A man can't be honest and be in politics."

This shocked me, and I inquired in a most incredulous tone: "In either party? Surely, you do not mean that!"

"Oh, yes I do," he replied. "You ladies don't know just what politics is. I have lots of chances to make dishonest money, but I won't take them. I'd rather make one honest dollar than twenty dishonest dollars."

"But you will go into some other business when you get big," I insisted.

"Nope," said King Arty, as he shook his head. "I am a newspaper man. I wouldn't be anything else. I like all newspaper men—and—news-paper ladies," said he as he looked kindly down on me; "but I'll get a store and sell stationery, books and papers—all the papers in the country. If I do anything else 'twill be on the outside," he concluded.

"But now that you are king, you will want a queen one of these days when you get big," I said. At this he laughed one of the jolliest boy laughs I ever heard.

"Why, you won't believe it, but I've got de queen, and two little kids besides—one six weeks old and de other a year and a half; and dere's our address out on Castro, nice little flat, paid \$2,000 to furnish it, and have \$6,000 in de bank to start my business with. Come out and see de kids. You'd like dem. They're 'It,' he laughed, with his brown eyes a-sparkle.

And as my eyes took on the proportions and activity of Emanuele Aschierdo's, he graciously said:

"Knew I'd surprise you; de ladies all think I'm about 14 or 15, and often say: 'Keep de change, Arty,' but I'm 26 and been in the newspaper business for twenty-one years; still everyone thinks I'm a kid."

"But how do you do it?" I eagerly asked. "Give me the receipt. Some members of your profession do not earn over a thousand dollars a week; and a beauty doctor on the side—what do you call it?"

Yes, thank you; on the side—would really be a great help if I knew the secret of the rosy cheeks, bright eyes, etc."

"It wouldn't be no use to you; the ladies what chase de beauty doctor wouldn't take de medicine; but I'll tell it to you just the same, if you like. I never chew, smoke, drinks or plays de races, so of course I never worries, and I goes to bed at 9 o'clock. Don't bother with no beauty factory; dey are no good; jest stick to de newspaper work and save your money," said his majesty as he raised his hat.

I attempted to do the same thing, but half a dozen pins held the old thing tight as a Mason's grip, and I offered my hand and my thanks for his good advice. He took them both and concluded his kindness by saying:

"Come out and see the kids. You'll like dem—dey're just 'It.'"

I accepted the invitation and my first interview with royalty was ended.—San Francisco News Letter.

So the milder third gate was opened for him, and he passed, not softly, yet speedily, into that still country, where the hailstorms and fire-showers do not reach, and the heaviest-laden wayfarer at length lays down his load.—Thomas Carlyle.

Pleasure, says the multitude, is the rose of life. But, remember, near by is the thorn of evil. If you will cull the rose, avoid the thorn.

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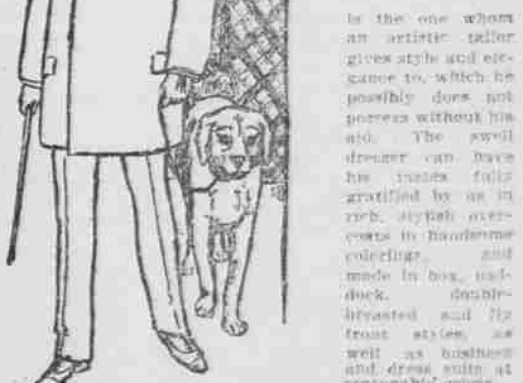
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